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FREMONT JOURNAL
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J. O. O. P.

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January 1st, 1853.]

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FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O

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MR. KESSLER, announces to the Traveling Public that he has returned to the above well known stand and is now prepared to accommodate in the best manner, all who may favor him with their patronage.

No efforts will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Travellers.

Good STABLE and careful OASTERS in attendance.

Fremont, November 24, 1843—36.

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Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

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Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

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DR. R. S. RICE.

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Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Dean's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Eclectic Physicians.

DOCTORS Wm. W. Karsner & Wm. H. Kuepfer—Office South East corner of Pike and Front Streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to Professional calls.

Fremont, July 31st, 1852.—19

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, JUNE 25, 1853.

NUMBER 22.

Poetry.

The following exquisite poem, is from the pen of Mrs. Frances D. Gage. It appeared in the Ohio Cultivator of June 15th. We will pass no encomium upon the poem, but leave it to the sweet home memories that come hovering around the heart as we read:

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

I am lonely, I am weary,
Would you know the reason why?
Is not that the day is dreary,
Not that clouds are hanging sky?
No, The April sun is beaming
Warm and genial as 'twere May,
Earth and air in beauty teeming
With my spirit to the gay.

This new home is very cheerful,
Husband, children—all are here,
Yet my eyes are sometimes fearful,
Tearful for old memories dear.
By my window I am sitting,
Gazing out upon the street,
Thousands, to and fro are flitting,
No familiar glance I meet.

Ah! I miss the birds and flowers
Of the home I've left behind—
Miss the hill tops and the bowers,
Miss the old things with the old
This is not the same old carpet
Upon which we danced at night,
These are not the time-worn curtains
Which shut out the summer light.

All is changed, 'e'en to the table,
If the dusty chairs are trodden
That was cherry, this is marble—
Ah! 'tis marble, hard and cold.
This soft seat of yielding cushion,
'Tis not my own old chair,
Where I rocked my babes to slumber
With a mother's patient care.

But I will not sigh in sadness,
Will not let my heart grow cold,
Soon 'twill thro' again with gladness,
Soon these new things will be old.
Kind and genial hearts are here,
O'er life's pathway every where,
They will come and render sacred,
Carpet, curtain, table, chair.

Flowers of love will spring in beauty
To my fancy on the street,
If the dusty chairs are trodden
Daily by familiar feet.
If I scatter seeds of kindness
Here and there, as best I may,
Hopes fragrant as the old ones
Soon will cheer the lonely way.

Home so loved—old friends so treasured
Half my heart I'll give to you,
Half I'll keep in good condition,
Warm and lighted for the new.
I may drop a tear of sorrow
For the past—the far away,
While I'm pining for to-morrow,
Smiles and sunshine for to-day.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

THE LABORER'S HOLIDAYS.

This is a busy bustling world. From morning to night, you are in town or country, you are constantly jostled by eager, anxious-looking men, who brush past you without seeming to recognize the face of your existence. Their eyes seem straining at some object away in the distance, at which they have gazed so long and earnestly, that their poor forehead aches and pleads for respite.

But not the exacting taskmaster of the soul, banishes his merciless scourge, and every fibre of the vital powers is kept in tension like the strings of a new fiddle, upon which some musical tyro has commenced to murder the indolent notes of the chromatic scale.

It is so everywhere. We have seen men in the quarries and gravel pits, who toiled from Monday morning to Saturday night, taking just sufficient time to eat and sleep, as the day horses do, and who never seem to indulge an aspiration above good bacon and cheap whisky. We have seen apprentices, male and female, at various overstocked trades, who are held equally punctual at their posts, while the freshness of their young life is withering away like grass tufts in the summer drought, in the clinks of these dusty pavements. We have seen merchants and shop-keepers' clerks, receiving their initiatory under the eye of what the world calls the accomplished and successful business man,—we have seen such at their vocation in the city, all day and every day, sharpening themselves in the perfection of cool lying and blood deception, in the forlorn hope, that some day they would attain the enviable reputation of a "first-rate salesman."

We have seen farmers' boys, upon whom the sun only rises to light their way to cheerful toil, who are seldom or never inspired by the nobler impulses of humanity, but learn to look on labor as an onerous duty and a primeval curse. We have seen kitchen girls, the "bonds of whose habitation" were circumscribed by the cistern-pump on one side, and the dining-room door on the other,—whose narrow back-stair-way and low attic were fit representations of the moral endowments of their employers.

We have seen employers, and self employers too, husbands and wives, whose whole life seemed an unvarying round of work, work, work. Who held themselves religiously bound to render life as unattractive as possible, by doing an eternal penance, which could scarcely claim the redeeming quality of obedience. We have looked thoughtfully on this and much more of the same character, and wondered what would ever come of all our boasted inventions and improvements for the aid of the industrial world. If it is only to eat and sleep and put on goodly apparel, we have made no progress in the last three thousand years. If the Soul is not to be invested with the higher prerogative of its existence, all our labor-saving inventions might as well be left to founder where the chariots of Pharaoh were overwhelmed, when he essayed to follow the fugitive Hebrews.

But we have a higher faith in the purpose of life. Man must learn that in the great census which is to fix the comparative value of men, he is richest who has most developed the divinity within himself,—he is wisest who has deepest fathomed the Infinite, and his eye most provident, who has best comprehended the measure of Immortality. No wonder, in view of what we see daily of the present policy of labor, that the conventional rights of society are disregarded and legal restrictions transgressed. The system of plunder is so palpable that the dullest can see through it. No wonder that the Holy Sabbath, instead of being used as a sacred jubilee, is degraded to the baser purposes of sensuality. We must not expect the virtues

of Angels in those whom we have appropriated as beasts of burden.

While musing upon the moral bearings of this question a few days since, as we were enjoying a railroad ride, we drew from our pocket the *Home Journal*, and stumbled upon the following sensible reflections, with which we shall close these present remarks:—Ed.

"We should like to understand, why, in these days, when steam does most of the hardest work, we should have to toil as many hours every day as our forefathers did, whose acquaintance with steam was derived chiefly from a slumberous observation of the tea kettle. For a century, ingenious men have been contriving labor-saving machines; but whose labor has been saved thereby? It used to take the farmer half the winter to thresh out his grain: he does it now in one day; but he is as busy as ever. What is the use of having the patent office packed with models, and of having labor-saving machines in every shop, and house, and barn, and shed, if, after all, most of us are obliged to work as hard and as long as people did in the good old stupid days before the revolution? None, that we can see. But it seems the good time is coming at last. On a large number of whole-sale stores, downtown, may now be seen a notice to the following effect:—'This store will be closed hereafter at three o'clock on Saturdays.' Three hours are thus clipped from the end of the week—precious hours to those who know how to use them. But why at the end of the week? Would it not be better to let out store at three o'clock on Wednesday, as schools were formerly, and give the clerks a breathing time at the half-way house between Sunday and Sunday? But Saturday is good, though Wednesday might be better; and we congratulate the mercantile community upon this *rescue* of one hundred and fifty-six hours 'per annum from the soul-oblivion of business. We trust the fashion will take. We hope the time is not very far distant when one afternoon in every week will be a universal holiday. We shall then believe there is something in the patent office, notwithstanding present appearances are against it."

Italian Indolence.

A letter writer says:—Hundreds of men in Italy are employed in painting "Madonnas" for the cottages of the peasants, little daubs of the Virgin Mary, the household gods of a superstitious race. Vast fields of lint and hemp may be seen in most parts of the peninsula; but the laborers, who for ages ought to have been busy converting their produce into garments, rope and sailcloth, have been building palaces, cutting marble, and studying painting. Every one possesses a bad picture, but an ill-furnished house; a head of Dante, but barely sufficient clothing to appear in open day. While our middle classes enjoy the luxuries which reproduce industry, places within their reach, the Alps know of nothing of the comforts of home. During the day he may lounge in the galleries where Guide delights the eye; but in the evening he returns to a dreary room in some old palazzo, where, by the light of a glimmering candle, he gropes his way to a tottering chair and a crazy bed. He may be able critically to examine the masterpieces of Titian; but as a man of business he is on a par with the Chippeway. An English school-boy has more acquaintance with real life, and the back woodsman of the Missouri can better appreciate the useful arts. Manufacturers, literature and politics are excluded from the thoughts of a people thus unnaturally engrossed with the beauties of design; and when any unforeseen occurrence disarranges the outward harmony of things, they rush to extremes, behave like irrational creatures, and rivet their chains. How long will such a state of things last? Is a question frequently asked by travellers in Italy.

The Dress and Unrest of the Soul.

The dress which the soul wears in this world will soon become tattered and worn out. It was curiously and beautifully made, but it was not designed to last always. Some of these fabrics are much admired, and the owners of them are very proud of them. But though ever so much care is taken to keep them veiled from the sun and protected from the air, yet the colors fade and lose their beauty, and the texture gives out in the wear and tear of life. The time will come, a little for a time, but the time will come when they must be folded up and laid aside as of no further use. Sometimes the dissolving process goes on rapidly, and the soul puts off her garments when they seem scarcely half worn. Sometimes it is done slowly and deliberately, as in pining sickness, when she unties the strings of vanity, as Jeremy Taylor has it, that "made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy."

"She puts off the light and fantastic robes of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride, and vain complacencies. Then she draws the curtains and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down, those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stings into sobriety of humble thoughts, and feels corruption clinging the forwardness of fancy, allaying the vapor of conceit and factious undressing. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of meekness. She receives the oil of meekness and smooths forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation and Christian atonement in their places.

Reader, have you begun to dress for immortality? The soul needs to dress in time for immortality. She needs the robe of Christ's righteousness, pure and white, which will last unfaded and undecayed, with perennial and eternal beauty.

There is a prophecy current among the Turks that their empire in Europe will last four hundred years. As Mahomet II. took Constantinople on the 29th May, 1453, [old style,] this period terminated on the 10th of June, in the present year.

Wit and Humor.

How to Write a Splendid Poem.

BY A. HAPPAHAWES HAPPAHAWES.

Go roll a prairie pie like cloth,
Drink Mississippi dry,
Put Alcatraz in your hat,
A Steamboat in your eye,
And for your breakfast, buffalo,
Some five-and twenty fry.

Go kill the whole Camanche tribe,
Some day before you dine;
Pick out, to make your walking stick,
A California pipe;
And then turn round and frown so dark;
The sun won't dare to shine.

Go whip a ton of grizzly bears,
With nothing but a fan;
And prove yourself, by all these feats,
To be a Western man—
And you can write a poem grand
If anybody can.

From the Musical World and Times.

"There is no object in nature so beautiful as a conscientious young man.—Exchange.

Well: I've seen the "Son Dog," Thackeray; and Tom Thumb, and Kossuth; the "bearded lady," and Father Matthew; the "whistling Canary," and Camille Urso; the "white negro," and Mrs. Stowe; "Chang and Eng," and Jenny Lind, and Miss Bremer, and Madame Sontag. I have been to the top of the State House, made the tour of the "Public Garden," and crossed the "Frog Pond." I've seen Theodore Parker, and a locomotive. I've ridden in the omnibus, heard a fourth-of-July oration, and I once saw the sun rise; but I never never saw a conscientious young man.

If there is such an "organization" on the periphery of the globe, I should like to see him. If he is, where is he? Who owns him? Where did they raise him? What does he feed on? For whom does he vote? On what political platform does his conscientiousness rest? Does he know the difference between a Whig and a Democrat? between a "Hunker" and a "Baraburner"? between a "hard-shell" and a "soft-shell"? between a "uniform national currency" and a "sound constitutional currency"? Does he have chills or a fever when he sees a bonnet? Does he look at it out of his eyes, like a bashful barnyard bantam, or dare he look at all? Does he show the "white feather," or crow defiance? Does he go to roost at sundown, and does he rest on an aristocratic perch? I'm all alive to see the specimen. My opera-glass is poised. Can't you give us a portrait in the Musical World and Times? Will he be at the World's Fair? Might I be permitted to shake hands with him and congratulate him? I pause for a reply.

FANNY FENK.

It's our opinion says a contemporary, that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit.

Why don't they let him alone? The Bachelors' miseries are all positive enough without such reminders as the following:—"An old bachelor is a poor, forsaken, unloved creature. No young vines sprout at his branches, and no grapes are gathered from his boughs. He tugs, toils and sweats for himself alone, and nobody else. He returns at night to his solitary abode, and no smiling angel says: 'My dear, where have you staid so long?' No helping children climb his knees, and with cherub tones beseech daily for 'them thimble-ears.' He sleeps cold in winter for want of a comforter, and his summers are forlorn, and his solitudes are dreary. He is saying his addresses to solitary weeds, the life, finally to be wedded to the cold soil of the valley. Poor miserable bachelor! Happy married man, with an angel for a wife, and a dozen of little cherubs."—Sandusky Register.

The man who committed suicide by turning himself wrong side out and cralling through his boots, is not expected to live.

—JESUS WIT.—A party of gentlemen, visiting the Dublin Exhibition last week, took a drive on the banks of the Liffey, to enjoy its scenery. "I'm glad to see you on your knees," was the observation, intended to be somewhat facetious, of a burly, bull-faced individual, to a labourer so employed in a field.

Bedad, was the prompt reply, which elicited a roar of laughter at the other's expense, "that's where you should always be; for if you took as much pains with your soul as you do with your body, you'd be a happy man!" Correspondent of *Liverpool Mercury*.

Shameful.

Hear what some rustic, crusty old bachelor says of some ladies. What shall be done with the incorrigible old sinner?

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with tea-spoons—twist your heel into the toe of your boots, make post masters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer—send up fishing hooks and fish for stars, get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet, when the rain is coming down like the contract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; cook a mosquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind she won't."

—A lady who lost her husband, not long since, by a railway accident in England, sued the railway company and recovered about \$70,000 damages. The damages were calculated on the basis of his professional income, and the average length of life, as demonstrated by life insurance tables.

—Mrs. Hobbs, did you say that my wife was a poor house-keeper?

"No, sir—but I did tell an immediate friend that you had not had a clean shirt on for ten weeks."

—It has been discovered that where a lot of boarders are fed for some time on sausages exclusively, they begin to grow fat!

STERN'S Uncle Toby says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look for it; and he says man is the sure gone if he looks for that something.

From the N. Y. Weekly Express.
Arrival of the Prometheus,
FROM SAN JUAN.

FOUR HUNDRED PASSENGERS
FROM CALIFORNIA, AND
Over \$300,000 in Specie.

QUICK TRAVELLING!
FROM N. YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO
IN 23 DAYS.

A WEEK'S LATER NEWS.
Later from Australia.

Steamer Prometheus, Capt. Churchill, from San Juan del Norte, arrived Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, which she left on the evening of the 31st ult., with 423 passengers, \$310,000 in gold dust on freight, and advice from California to the evening of the 18th May—making the passage in 8 days and 3 hours.

LIST OF SPECIE PER STEAMER PROMETHEUS.
Spofford, Tilton & Co., \$4,000
Drexel & Co., Philada., 75,000
John Smith & Co., 9,000
Accessory, Transit & Co., 10,000
A. Goltheil, 1,000
Fred Schwendee, 250
A. A. Cohen & Co., 18,400
Nelson Robinson, 108,074
Johnson & Lowden, 19,000
Robert L. Taylor, 8,000
C. Durand, 500
\$307,424

From the San Francisco Whig, 16 ult.

The Boulbon Invasion.

Expedition to Sonora—Alarm in Mazatlan. Warlike Preparations—A Special Express sent to Santa Anna—British Men-of-War off the Coast—Communication from the Governor.

The inhabitants from the north-western States of Mexico appear to be greatly excited by the rumors which have reached them of an intended invasion of Sonora from this State. We have heretofore stated on the authority of a correspondent, that a party of Americans and Frenchmen had established themselves in La Paz, Lower California, where they engaged in the early part of April, in making preparations to invade Sonora and Chihuahua, and further, that two English-men of war were stationed in the vicinity, intending, it is supposed, to interfere in case the expedition is commenced. Letters have been received from Mazatlan, by late arrivals, up to the first of April. By these we learn that the California expedition under Comd. Rausset, which was believed near at hand, formed the absorbing topic of discussion. The Governor and Commandant-General of the State of Sinaloa had interrogated the crew and passengers of the English brig Trisphina, recently from San Francisco, as to the truth of the rumors about. Their replies, says *L'Echo du Pacifique*, seems to have greatly alarmed this Governor, as he immediately despatched an express to Mexico to inform the Supreme Government—now General Santa Anna—of the facts. At the same time the Commandant of the port of Mazatlan caused the following to be inserted in the official journal, *La Altagracia del Sur*:

"EXAMINATION OF CALIFORNIA ADVENTURERS TO SONORA.—The English brig Trisphina, from San Francisco, has just touched at this port. I have received positive intelligence that Col. Rausset is engaged in preparing in the above mentioned city, an expedition against our State of Sonora, composed of 1000 or 1500 men; that he has already obtained loans, and at his disposition two frigates, with which he was soon to make a descent upon Guaymas. I have verified the truth of this news by close examination of the passengers of the brig aforesaid.

"Your Excellency will easily comprehend what a train of disastrous events for our unhappy country must result from such an expedition, if timely measures are not taken to avert them. We have on the Pacific three war schooners and a smaller armed boat. I believe that these four vessels, well armed and equipped, would be sufficient to chastise these pirates, who, counting on our dissension and past misfortune, believe they can insult and rob us with impunity of the rest of our territory.

"I hasten to communicate to your Excellency this distressing news, and trust that the Supreme Government will take energetic measures, demanded by the circumstances.

"God and Liberty! VINCENTE A. DE LA ROSA."

MEXICAN FEELING ON THE SUBJECT.
Upon this news the Editors of the Whig comments:—"It is very evident from the news we publish to day from Mazatlan, that the people of Mexico are greatly alarmed at the rumors which have reached them of an intended invasion of Sonora from this State. They will unquestionably resist the invaders, and with Santa Anna at their head, will be far more formidable than generally supposed. Late accounts represent Santa Anna as harboring and expressing on all occasions implacable hatred of Americans. Nothing would please him more than an opportunity of falling upon a small army of Americans, with the whole force of Mexico, and crushing them before aid could be received from their distant countrymen. We would not be at all surprised, therefore, if he were to take the field in person, and stake his fortune and his popularity on destroying the expedition. He is well aware that the invaders could not be countenanced by our Government, and would count on making them an easy prey. Success, in such a case, would immortalize him with the Mexicans."

California News Items.

From our files per Prometheus.

MARRIED WOMEN.—The bill amendatory of the act enabling married women to transact business in their own names, was indefinitely postponed by the Senate yesterday, by a vote of 11 to 10.

From the N. Y. Weekly Express.

MICK have committed great havoc among the wheat crop in the southern section of the Willamette Valley. In many places too they have entirely consumed the grass from the pastures.

HORSE RACING ON THE SABBATH.—The Senate has passed the bill to prevent horse-racing on the Sabbath. It also prohibits various other practices on that day, which have heretofore been tolerated to a greater or less extent in all parts of the State. There were only four votes against the bill.

DEATH OF A BROOKLYN FIREMAN.—Edward Lanagan died very suddenly on Monday evening, at the Knickerbocker Engine House. Coroner Gray gave a verdict that he came to his death from causes unknown. The deceased was formerly from Brooklyn, N. York. He served throughout the Mexican war under General Worth, in company I of 4th Infantry.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We learn from French Corral, May 4th, that a limb of a tree which struck Mr. Henry Jenkins on the head, killed him almost instantly. Mr. Jenkins was a young man of great promise; he was a native of New Bedford, Mass., aged 25 years.

PROFITABLE TRANSACTION.—A couple of miners discovered a claim near Smith's digging in Sierra county, from which they took \$3000 in a few days and then sold the claim for \$14,000.

REBUILT.—All the buildings that were partially consumed, at the last fire in San Francisco, are either repaired or repairing, while five new structures of all of them two stories in height, are now going up.

STATE PRISON.—The Governor has approved the bill providing for constructing a State Prison, and annulling the old contract on the subject.

SONORA.—The Sonora Herald says that the commencement of busy times is now apparent in Sonora. Business is reviving, trade is brisker, money plentier, and travel thither larger than usual. Many new houses are going up.

The State Legislature was to adjourn on the 17th, the day after the steamer sailed.

Review of the California Market for the Week Ending Monday, May 16.

Our market has presented few or no new features of interest during the past week. Heavy importations of leading and miscellaneous articles came to land early in the week, which of themselves have had a depressing influence on prices. Trade, however, opened promisingly at first, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, jobbers sold to a considerable extent but the close of the week has, on the contrary, been exceedingly dull, and business unusually depressed. Money has been scarce, and country merchants have exhibited some disinclination, as they have previously done, to buy to any further extent than is sufficient for immediate wants. The country will buy in all the Spring to the same extent probably as during former years, but stocks of all kinds are so large with the prospect of farther accessions, that we do not look for any material variation from the present low prices, and fear that trade will not exhibit that bustle and animation which we were lately inclined to think would characterize it during the spring.

Towards the close of the week, flour has not been so firm. The fluctuations may be considered incidental, and although the stock is large yet we do not believe that the leading and favorite brands of American flour will recede below \$10 during the summer.—The consumption is large, stimulated by the present low prices, and the ordinary wants of the trade will gradually reduce the quantity that is now on hand.

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